

ALBION'S Congratulatory;

OR, A

POEM,

Upon the High and Mighty PRINCE

JAMES

Duke of ALBANY and YORK,  
His Return unto

SCOTLAND.

---

Presented to His Royal HIGHNESS, By M. L. *James of Scotland*

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*ALBANI expectant reditus ; illoque reverso,  
Certatim ingenti celebrant nova gaudia plausu.*

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EDINBURGH,

Printed by the Heir of Andrew Anderson, Printer to His most Sacred  
MAJESTY, Anno DOM. 1680.

ALBION'S CONSTITUTION

P. O. F. M.

Upon the High and Mighty

J. A. M. E. S.

Lord of the North Sea

SCOTT AND

Printed by J. A. M. E. S.



TO

# His Royal Highness.

SIR,

**T**His is the fourth time, that I have addressed Your ROYAL HIGHNESS, I dare not add with success and approbation; yet, I'm sure, not beyond the circle of my duty, nor without a strong impulse to admire and applaud the amiable parts, and attractive vertues so conspicuous in your Person, and in every Scene of your Actions, that Malice cannot impute it to an insinuating and sawning humour. My first address got no unkind reception from your favourable Candour; but, writing in that dialect, being unfashionable in the British Isle, and consequently unseasonable to your HIGHNESS, (having sown the seed of your tender years in the field of Mars, and reaped the rich increase thereof in riper age) you was pleased to make use of the conveying conduit of a ROYAL and skilful INTERPRETESS: I amended the former escape in the second Address, by the addition of an accom-

A 2.

panying

[ ]  
panying Guide, of your own Countrey fashion;  
tho' not breeding; under whose conduct, I could  
not promise my travelling Muse an easie passage,  
having never appeared on the stage before, in an  
English habit. To the third (deckt altogether  
in your own native dress, and) hastened by your  
sudden departure, I premised, and repeated this  
Usbering TETRASTICK;

Be pleas'd, Sir, to accept fruit pluck'd in haste,  
Which, if they relish well, you're woo'd to taste;  
But if they nauseate, or no pleasure yield,  
I'll raze the tree, and henceforth curse the field.

When lo your graceful smiles, and courtly ge-  
sture spake a kind Acceptation, and encourag'd  
me to make this fourth address; The subject  
whereof, viz. your glad return, was as acceptable  
to my pensive Muse, as the genial Muses are  
welcome to overtravelled Minds; as the Honou-  
rable E. of ROSECOMMON (upon Horace  
his Art of Poetrie) singeth well;

Some have by Verse obtain'd the Love of KINGS,  
Who with the Muses ease their wear'd minds.

And

And albeit this inelaborate Poem should miss  
of that end; and tho the stile be not so loftie, nor the  
veine so happy, as I could wish, and think wor-  
thy wherewith to entertain and present your  
**HIGHNESS**; yet, in a homely way, I  
have given a plain testimony of zealous Loy-  
alty to my Sov<sup>r</sup>aign; and consequently of du-  
tiful respect ( if the effects of either were to be  
noticed in such a mean Gentleman ) to his dear  
and only Brother. Vouchsafe, therefore, **ROY-**  
**AL SIR**, to accept the humble tender of an  
obsequious Muse; and, in these injurious and  
tempestuous times, daign to shrowd her under  
the hospitable shade of your Protection; or, as  
the famous abovenamed Translatour turn-  
eth,

Then *hush* not, Noble **P I S O**, to protect,  
What Gods inspire, and Kings delight to hear.

*T*hither she gladly flies, and hopes to remain  
secure, while we are honoured with the  
calm summer of your gladsome presence here;  
Where, that joy and safety may alwayes at-  
tend your person, Love and Honour  
in-

[ ]

increase your splendour, Good Fortune  
and Success crown your Actions, shall  
be the hearty desire and importunate pray-  
er of,

Your ROYAL HIGHNESS  
Most Faithful and most Humble Servant,

M. L.

Michael Levington of London

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ALBI-



## ALBION'S Congratulatory;

OR, A

P O E M,

Upon the High and Mighty Prince,

J A M E S

Duke of ALBANY and YORK,  
His Return unto

S C O T L A N D.

W<sup>H</sup>at means my silenc'd *Muse* to bend her browes,  
To look so sharp on't, flighter thus, and rowse;  
Like hooded *Hawks*, which, when acquaint they spie  
Some transient Fowle, encline anone to flie:

Can masked eyes objected pleasure reap,  
Or news make brats, so long \* *Entombed*, leap:  
Strange! have the tidings of the DUKE'S return  
Pow'r to awake her from the silent urn?  
'Twere just to *fight* an energie t' impute,  
Equal with *Orpheus*, or *Amphions* lute;  
But from's supposed advent *Vertue* flows,  
To's homeward thoughts her *Resurrection* ows.  
'Tis like th' impatient *Muse* her self beguiles,  
Like wear'd Travellers, who reckon miles,  
By some long-fetched paces, and when gone  
Scarce half the way, conclude their journey done.  
Ev'n so my tongue-ti'd *Muse* may judge night past,  
'Cause found the sad † *Eclipse* too long to last;

\* v. *Albion's*  
*Elegie.*  
pag. 9. l. 20.

† v. *Albion's*  
*Elegie.*  
pag. 5. l. 12.

And

And, by the tedious absence of her *Sun*,  
 Compute the night-glass of her *silence* run;  
 Longing for's morning beauty out to peep,  
 And interrupt this *Pythagorick* sleep:

Or could my *Muse* such bruit, mistaken, broach?  
 When only influenc'd by his approach;

No, no, Verse challengeth a Divine spell,  
 || *He's on the Rod, why did I add, farewell.*

|| *v. Albion's*  
*Farewell,*  
*p. 5. l. 12.*

For so the *DUKE* plight, when he took his leave  
 Of *ALBION* Pale, nor did he us deceive,

Like that feign'd Lover, who his test'ment brake,  
 And \* *Phyllis* made despair of's coming back.

\* *Phyllis* to *Demophoon*.  
*Ovid. Epist. 2.*

The *DUKE'S* Arrival hath compleatly pleas'd  
 My frisking *Muse*; like Prisoners releas'd  
 By free Remission, from some obscure Cave  
 After Doom giv'n; or, like a *Galley*-slave  
 Got loose, erewhile, through grating bondage, sad,  
 Now steals away, above all measure glad.

† *Post tristitia*  
*am gaudium*  
*Sequitur.*

In † *Sorrow's* ashes so fresh *Gladness* breeds,  
 To hard || beginnings better luck succeeds.

|| *Flebile prin-*  
*cipium metus*  
*fortuna sequitur:*  
*Ov. l. 7. Met.*

My pliant *Muse*, with *ALBANY* \* farewell'd,  
 With him call'd *Home*, sweates, with his welcome swell'd,

\* *v. Albion's*  
*Elegie.*  
*p. 9. l. 13.*

And now indulg'd to publish this new birth,  
 Travels with Raptures of exulting mirth;

† *v. Albion's*  
*Elegie.*  
*p. 7. l. 17.*

That as † *Grief* lately did me much annoy,  
 I now dread harm from *extasies* of *Joy*.

Were not his cheerful looks and rosi'd breath,  
 An Antidote against all kinds of death:

Yet death is appetible after sight

Of Choiceest object, killing by delight;

Then let my Pregnant *Muse* yield up the Ghost,

Since view'd her Country's happiness ingross'd

*Plutarch.*

In's presence; *Euclees*-like, who, when h' had brought

The news to *Athens*, that their Host had fought,

And did at *Marathon* victorious reigne,

From bursting *Joy* a word could hardly straine,

But *χαίρει* and *χαίρομαι*; or thus,

Exult ye Citizens, 'tis well with us.

Now I'll license My *Muse*, her joys to vent,

*Mirth's* unconfin'd, when all the *SCOTS* consent:

Let



Let these be repute *Rebels* to their *KING*,  
 Who won't concurr to *laugh, play, dance, and sing*.  
 Our *Sun's* return'd, let's, with the *Marigold*,  
 While it its Leaves, our warmed *bearts* unfold ;  
 An *Heretick* let him be alwayes held,  
 On whole heart's not ingraven, and not spell'd  
 In's † looks, a *Cath'lick* joy, and solemn jig,  
 For his most glad return ; and let each *Whig*  
 Renounce his steps precise, and squint † aspect,  
 The fullen humour of a rigid *Señ* ;  
 Divest him of his counterfeit attire,  
 And bear a part joynt with the *Loyal Quire*:  
 He's sure absurdly stupid, grossly wood,  
*Insensible of this great Common-good.*

All dormant *Jovial* Mirth let's now excite,  
 Of publick *Jubilee* let's hatch the sp'rite ;  
 All prodigally wasted smiles redeem,  
 That || all but one *Democritus* may seem,  
 At others peevish jealousy to laugh,  
 Who to be spruce and jolly think't unsafe.  
 Who don't descrie a most enforcing ground  
 The *Globe Terrestrial* with loud shouts to round ;  
 While th' motion of the *Spheares* it chaunts again,  
 The œcumenick *joy* to entertain.  
 Nor can the *Voice* our *Gladness* circumscribe,  
 On well-tun'd \* Instruments let ev'ry *Tribe*,  
 The notes advance, the vocal *Systeme* aid ;  
 So shall our *Plaudits* both be *Sung* and *Plaid*.  
 And while we pipe, shall there be none to † dance,  
 As long's we learn to *Capriol* from *France*.  
 Nor can the foot this *Melody* withstand,  
 But must proportion't to a *Saraband*.  
 The consort by those can't be understood  
*Insensible of this great Common-good.*

Let *Nature* celebrate a || *Marriage-day*,  
 Each *Tree* bedecked with the Verdant *Bay*,  
 Each purling brook with trickling *joys* abound,  
 Th' *ALBANIAN* praise let all the *Hills* resound ;  
 Let th' *Earth* be candi'd with a downy *Robe*,  
 And glide in squared measures round her *Globe* ;

B

†--Et blāna  
 Natur gaud  
 vultu.  
 Tunc dolor, a  
 cure, rugaque  
 frontis abit. O.

¶Tunc quog, ma  
 teriam risus in  
 venit ad omnes  
 Juvet.

Letas tollunt  
 ad sidera vocis.  
 Virg.

\* Tibiaq; effudit  
 socialia carmi  
 na vobis.  
 Ovid.

† Nunc pede li  
 bero pulsanda  
 telia

¶Lux  
 adest ~ jam  
 mea sit Janibe.  
 Ov. l. Met.

Let

Let the day's *Monarch* shew a Glorious look,  
 And ev'ry Bird portend good to the *D U K E* ;  
 Let Honour'd *ALBION* with fresh pleasures bloom,  
 And ev'ry thing applaud the blest *Bridegroom*.  
 With *Lyrick Odes* let all the *Ecchos* ring,  
 And only shril *Epithalamiums* sing :

† Nunc solvere  
 multo Nestare  
 corda libet.  
 Claud.

Let ev'ry *Swain* in floods of † *Nestars* swim,  
 And all the *Nymphs* sing *Serenades* to him.  
 On genial *Hearts* let all solemnly feast,  
 Invite each merry front to be their *Guest*,  
 Purveigh glad Company, and *Royal fare*,  
 A Bounteous *Welcome* to the *Royal Heir* :  
 But let all *Disaffected* starve for food,  
*Insensible* of this great *Common-good*.

\* In imitation  
 of the Olympa  
 instituted by  
 Hercules in ho-  
 nour of Jupiter.  
 † Secundus aRe-  
 ge.  
 † v. the Ana-  
 gram in paucis  
 οὐρανῶνα.  
 || v. Albion's  
 Elegie.  
 p. 7. l. 19. and  
 downwards.

Some sportive \* *Games* let's also institute,  
 From thence our *Joy* to date, and years compute,  
 Thereby our active cunning to improve,  
 In honour of th' *Olympick* † *second Jove*.  
 Then here all manly exercises haunt,  
 The *Scots* again of their † *Achilles* vaunt.  
 Now let the fields be cur'd of their || *Disease*,  
 Let Clubs be pliant, each rest be a tease  
 Unto the leaping *Ball*, and both accord  
 T' obey his nod, and pleasure to afford.  
 The coursing *Horses*, now be wing'd and flie,  
 And kindly on their noble *Patron* neigh ;  
 In speed to strive fleet *Pegasus* to won,  
 While here a nobler *Perseus* looketh on.  
 Let the swift *Footman* run it in a trice,  
 More for to bribe the sport, then gain the prize ;  
 And if he chance his faint heels to benight,  
 On *JAMES*'s quick eye reflect, and spurr his flight.  
 Let not *Mars* clients now at ruffles fret,  
 But on his Countenance their courage whet :  
 So did th' hearts of the jaded *Souldiers*, brook  
 A fresh recruit, from glad *Clearchus* look.  
 Nor need the brisk *Comedians* cups of Sack,  
 Being no more thund'ring *Tragedies* to act,  
 But let them trick a *Comick Argument*  
 Fit for the season, which may represent

Plutarch.

The

Th' || *ALBANIA*, or *Scots* festival day,  
 While their own melting *Joy* sets off the play.  
 Let *Vertue*, *Love*, and *Honour*, all exhort  
 The *Beauteous Madams*, to frequent the *Court*,  
 Where the sole \* *Pattern Nature* seems to show  
 Of all the gifts she did, or will bestow  
 On their enam'ring *Sex*, that others may  
 Her only honour, and due homage pay :  
 Here of their *Joy*, these both may let Her taste,  
 And with well ord'ed Steps, Her *Welcome* cast.  
 Now let our *Heroes* others far excell,  
 While ther's a \* *MOUNT* to scale, a † *ROSE* to smell,  
 Here let them sympathize with well-tun'd feet,  
 With *Courteous Welcome* this fam'd *Hero* greet.

Let all the *Poets* on his *Welcome* dwell,  
 Till they have drained the *Castalian* well ;  
 With sprightly verse, and lofty numbers reel,  
 And only joyful *Enthusiasms* feel.  
 Lo my glad *Muse*, from swooning fits reviv'd,  
 Throngs in among the crew ; since now retriv'd  
 Her great *Mecenas* and immortal Theame,  
 From which nought can be squeez'd, but flow'ry *Cream* ;  
 And when the oyl is spent, the vessels fill'd,  
 The more sh'extracts, more rests to be distill'd.  
 So if in Divine Mysteries you dive,  
 You'l at the less intelligence arrive.  
 Then if I sound this deep with shallow *Rhime*,  
 It speaks me *Loyal* tho I find not *Him*.  
 The paper hit, the *Archer* well acquites  
 Himself, tho he the narrow prick ne'r splites ;  
 The man's thought honest, who, his name to score  
 Unable, yields up to his creditor  
 His person ; and the other should exact  
 No more, then what the debtor can stack.  
 What Pen dare on his lavish *Fame* encroach,  
 And give him all his due without reproach,  
 Unless he turn † self-Lover, and admire  
 His own works, wherewith others feed the fire.  
 Who can his *Laureat* conquests *Eccho* forth,  
 Or raise fit *Trophies* to *Achilles* worth ?

IF  
 it  
 of  
 an

\* *Higness*.

\* *Ardua Via*  
*autem praefert*  
*via pergit*  
*Primi.*  
 † *Micum honor*  
*& laudes.*  
*Silius. Ital. lib.*  
*15. bell. pun.*

*Simonides de*  
*Dio.*

† *Suffenus.*

As when the *Sun* hath lodg'd in all the signs,  
Run through the *Zodiack*, he afresh begins,  
To trace his steps again, and never stays  
To bound his Journey, nor contract his rays.

\* *Laudataque  
virtus crescit.  
Ov. l. 4. El. 2*

Ev'n so *He* doth his \* *Vertues* still improve,  
These are the *Spheare* wherein the *Poets* move,  
And when they have each sacred *Vertue* touch'd,  
Soaring on th' wings of *Poesie* well couch'd,  
To pay another visit still they'r faine,  
As if some thing unblazon'd did remain.

Hither let all the Universe resort,  
And view the *Man* that makes a glorious *Court*,  
Whose happy presence *Courtly* strife excludes,  
Makes all preferre the *Court* to solitudes.  
Whom all admire, and strive to imitate  
In watchful *Industry*, and sober state.

\* *Majestas adeo  
comis ubique tua  
est. Ov. 2. Trist.  
† Aspicere quid  
faciant commer-  
cia. Juven. Sat.  
2.*

|| *Duo nos ma-  
xime movent  
similitudo &  
exemplum.  
Cic. de Orat. 3.  
\* Non illi quis  
quam bello se  
conferat heros.  
Catul.*

In whose accomplish'd features all detect  
Grave \* *Majesty*, and a benign *Aspect* :  
Whose † *Converse* stands not only to b' admir'd,  
But as the certain rule of ours desir'd.

By whose Divine *Idea* we may draw  
All *Worth*; and from || *Example*, more then *Law*,  
Mature and savoury *Instructions* glean,  
And square our *Actions* by the *Golden meane*.

\* *Heroick* Courage, and feats *Martial* seem  
T'have sown their Sp'rits in him, to reap esteem;  
Nay to have been a doubtful started plea,  
Design'd for him to vindicate at *Sea*,

To carve out for himself *Supream* Command,  
And *Lord* it over both the *Sea* and *Land*;  
As if *Obeysance* did pursue his *Word*,  
And *Victory* were trid unto his *Sword*.

The *Graces*, and the *Vertues* here unpatch'd  
Raign, and dart pow'rful Influence, while well-match'd  
With *Royal Honour*, which might henceforth hush  
The huffs of *Malice*, and make *Error* blush.

Exquirere  
hæditos princi-  
patus illi-  
& anceps.

Hath *Honour* and our *Good* (could we it scent)  
Again us *ALBANIE's* with'd presence lent;  
Let's not so curious be, so bold's to pry  
Into the \* *Mystr'ies* of *State-Policy*.



Who can arraign, or but in question bring.  
 Th'indifferent Actions of an awful King.  
 Let no ruder currish Clown, out of despight,  
 Presume to snarle at *Person, fame, or right.*  
 Nor *Faction* his designs misrepresent,  
 Or frame against him a *Rump-Parliament*;  
 To forge new *Grievances*, his meaning wrest;  
 By noising still the Gangrene of the *Beast*.  
 Why doye dang'rous *Innovations* dread?  
 Have ye not his own *Manifesto* read;  
 Wherein it pleas'd him to protest, and swear  
 By th' Honour of a *Prince*, which is most dear;  
 Nay by his *Faith* the *Faithful* did assure,  
 Th'establish'd *Hierarchy* to secure,  
 The ancient Priviledges to defend  
 From Forreign inrod, or Domestick Fiend:  
 Only at the same liberty he aimes,  
 Which ev'ry Sect, for *Conscience*-sake, still claimes;  
 This, *Impudence* could not have e'r refus'd,  
 Else from \* *Confession* such might be accus'd.  
 No petty Clerk denies to *Pagan Kings*  
 A just *Authority* in *Civil* things;  
 And the *Kings* pow'r, in *Sacred* things, springs not  
 From *Christian*, but from *Soo'raign* right is got.  
 The *English Presbyterians*, on this point,  
 Assert, that *Heathen Kings*, whom Gods anoint,  
 A *Christian Church* can well protect; and may  
 Order the same in a *Politick* way.  
 Who e'r did censure th' *Heathen* \* *Emperour*,  
 Who unbaptiz'd, did exercise his pow'r  
 In *Church*-affairs, nay was by all approv'd,  
 Who the calm Discipline of *Christians* lov'd.  
 But here yecan't intend such just complaint  
 'Gainst both a *Christian Prince*, and better *Saint*,  
 Then those, whose *Strictness* paint them more upright,  
 And still pretend unto a greater light.  
 But might the *Gods* with outward forms dispense,  
 Or him perswade, *Protestant* to commence,  
 Nor would he thereby from the *Truth* estrange,  
 But, for the same, with *Peace* and *Love* exchange;  
 'Twould both all mouths with publick shoutings fill,  
 And the rash tumults of the *People* still.

Act. 2. 8. v. 4  
 Prince's name  
 name (scripture)  
 ut si libet  
 Plin.

\* o. The Con-  
 fession of Faith,  
 Ch. 28. Sect. 4.

\* Constantine  
 the great.

But



But if he shall proceed in the same road;  
Which many of his great *Ancestors* trod;  
The *Royal Spring*, let none be so malkert,  
Out of its proper Channel to divert;  
Nor the *Succession Regal* circumvent,  
But settle in its *Legal Right Descent*.

|| *Alpini.*

\* *L. Jean Gray.*

† *King Edward*

6. obtained by

*Act of Parlia-*

*ment, the choice*

*of his successor*

|| *Queen Mary.*

*Talis et constan-*

*te veneratione*

*nos-- Reges le-*

*gittimos profes-*

*quimur.*

*Ang. Histor.*

\* *Nam saepe du-*

*obus Regibus in-*

*cessit magno*

*discordia motu.*

*Verum ubi du-*

*ctores acie re-*

*vocaveris am-*

*bos-- Deterior*

*quæ visus tum*

*ne prodigus ob-*

*fit, dede nci*

*melior vacua si-*

*ne regnet in au-*

*la. Virg. Geor.*

*lib. 4.*

\* *Quo res cun-*

*que cadent unum*

*et commune pe-*

*riculum una salus*

*ambohus erit.*

*Vir. Æne. l. 2.*

|| *u. Albion's*

*Elegy.*

*p. 4. l. 4.*

\* *Stipantque*

*frequentes.*

*Virg.*

*Et sepe at-*

*t humeria*

*na bello*

*t; pul-*

*, petunt*

*re mor-*

*.l. 4.*

*in's*

*o6.*

*No eye to pity, nor hope of relief;*

Did not the sacred *Powers*, offended raze  
The *Papist* Natione, 'cause they did displace  
The *Righteous* || *Heir*, subverting the true *Base*.

The *English* would not any \* *She* admit,

When † nam'd, on the Imperial Throne to sit,

In prejudice of || *Her*, tho *Papist* known,

Yet true *Succeſſor* of the *Royal CROWN*.

If the two \* *Maſter-Bees* of the same hive,

For th' empire of the waxen Kingdom strive,

Lo, when from Battel both *Kings* are recall'd,

The nobler *Chieftain-Bee* is straight install'd,

And in the empty *Palace* Reigns alone,

While th' other's thrust out, as a low inglorious drone.

Should we our selves as firmly *Loyal* vent,

And when it comes to pass the test, relent.

When *Gracious CHARLES* his true *Succeſſor* notes,

Shall we make use of *Cautions*, or of *Votes*:

Lo when, to *JAMES*, our duty thus we mince,

We so empair *Allegiance* to our *Prince*;

For \* whatſoever way the matters go,

Both are *Co-partners* of the well, or woe.

Have we recov'ed now our *Tutelar*,

Our stoln || *Palladium*; then let's all beware,

That we, by honi'd *Baits*, be not ensnar'd,

But strictly round him with a frequent \* *Guard*.

From privat rap within our breasts to hide,

And by our *Union* † Shoulder off the tide,

'Twixt him and open danger t'interpose

Our ready and hard *Bodies*, freely chose

In our own flesh the impious *Sword* to sheath,

And in a just *Cause* seek a glorious *Death*.

When ev'ry man had chosen his own \* *Doom*,

To hope abroad, and to despair at home,

Your tedious *Absence* long had fed our *Grief*,

*No eye to pity, nor hope of relief;*

Then

Then you the fit hour for a visit catch'd,  
 And for our succour your own rayes dispatch'd;  
 Which in our dark *Horizon* straight are seen,  
 And heale the wound they gave, while yet but green.  
 Then sure your *Advent*, *ROYAL SIR*, inserts  
 A welcome *Epoch* in all *Loyal* hearts.  
 Who cannot chuse, but emulously strive,  
 Which should the best, and most kind *Welcome* give;  
 You, when at *Home*, with duteous † *Thanks*, to load,  
 Who honour'd us, with perfect *Love*, *Abroad*;  
 Us highly to our *Sov'raign Lord* extoll'd,  
 'Mongst his most Faithful *Subjects* us enroll'd:  
 Shall we these signal *Favours* now forget?  
 Our lips seale, and neglect to pay our debt.

Tho lawless *Boors* should insolently prat,  
 And still exclaim against they know not what;  
 Tho some of higher rank should now give o'r  
 And pay not *Suite* and *Presence*, as before;  
 Yet let not this, *GREAT SIR*, discourage you,  
 Nor from thence judge the *Loyal* to be few:  
 For *These* all things dislike, and have a trick  
 T' oppose the *Pow'rs*, and spurne against the prick.  
 In their own dye the *Latter* soon appear,  
 To change their minds, as th' || Air-fed beast, by fear,  
 His colour alters; to be *Fortunes* Apes,  
 And with the times to vary in all shapes.  
 So the most precious *Sun's* regarded less  
 By those, to whom he daily makes address;  
 But where he enters *Stranger*, his arise  
 Gets a kind *Welcome* from all glaring eyes.  
 To you, *GREAT SIR*, \* we offer up the Key  
 Of our close bow'rs, may't please you to survey  
 Our breasts; and of a *Scots* heart take a view,  
 As || small as any *English*, and as true.  
 Here your dear *Memory* shall be inshrin'd,  
 And deep impressiion bear upon our mind;  
 Here, what transported *Tongues* cannot exprefs,  
 'Tis legible, and in a better drefs  
 Then my obedient *Muse* can ere digest:  
 But to the † *Chanc'lour* I referr the rest.

F I N I S.

† Et levis hab  
 meritis refra-  
 tur gratia tan-  
 tis.

Or.

|| Chameleon

\* Constant in  
 Loyalty.

|| Paruum Coran.  
 dacium gignit.

† v. The Coun-  
 cils Letter to  
 the King.

[illegible]

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10/1/1917

the King  
this letter to  
of the Court